

the faculty of music,
university of toronto

in co-operation with

the canadian broadcasting corporation

present

**GALINA
VISHNEVSKAYA**
soprano

Nina Svetlanova
pianist

sunday, january 29, 1978
8:30 p.m.
macmillan theatre,
edward johnson building

MIKHAIL GLINKA

(1804-1857)

Somneniye (Doubt)

Have done, emotions and passions, sleep hopeless heart. I weep, I suffer, weary of separation I suffer but cannot weep my grief away. Hope in vain promises happiness; I cannot believe her lying assurances. Love is borne away by separation. In dreams that never leave me I see my happy rival and secretly, threatenly, jealousy burns, and in secret rage, the hand seeks a weapon. In vain reason tells me of faithfulness, I do not believe its crafty promises. I am happy, you are mine again. The sad hours go by; we embrace once more and our lips meet in passionate kisses.

Venezianskaya noch' (Venetian Night)

Silver tides at night flow over the southland enfolded in spring. Moonlight wavers on the Brenta as with cresset fire glowing. Mist and fragrance, like seen music are the breath of those green shores . . .

Ya pomnyu chudnoye mgnoveniye (I remember a wonderful moment)

I remember a wonderful moment, you appeared before me like a vision, like the genius of pure beauty. As I languished in melancholy in the noisy bustle of the world, a tender voice sounded and I dreamt of your dear features. Years passed. The storms of passion scattered former dreams, and I forgot your tender voice, your heavenly face. My days passed quietly in solitude, without a divinity to worship, without inspiration, without tears, without life itself. But now the hour strikes for the soul's reawakening. You appear once more, O genius of pure beauty! Again my heart is swelling with delight, again I worship. Inspiration, life, tears, love, have returned!

Mazurka

When in a happy hour you open your dear lips, and coo more tenderly than a little dove, it makes me tremble with anticipation. I am not myself, I am afraid to miss a single word, I am silent, not wishing another heaven. I want to listen, listen, listen to you. Your dear eyes sparkle more than crystal, little teeth shine like pearls amidst coral, the blush starts to play on your cheeks. Now I have found courage to look into your eyes, my lips draw nearer to yours, my strength fails me; I no longer hear you, all I want is to kiss, kiss, kiss you!

PETER I. TCHAIKOVSKY

(1840-1893)

Lullaby

Rest, sweetest babe, to and fro, to and fro, swings your cradle, peaceful, slow! Fondly guard my sleeping child, sun and wind and eagle wild. Swift the eagle homeward flew, sank the sun in ocean blue. Thrice the darkness conquered day, ere the wind retraced her way. Sad I heard the mother say: 'Where, oh wind, did you delay? Battling stars in conflict free? Driving waves over stormy sea?' Nay, from the waves I tarried far, strove with me no golden star; singing low my watch I kept, rocking while your baby slept. Rest, sweetest babe! To and fro, to and fro, fondly guard my dreaming child, sun and wind and eagle wild.

Tell me why

Tell me why, when the spring thrills the scene, roses bright on their stems fade and die? And when forests are dusky with green, without perfume the white lilies sigh? Tell me why, when the bird skims the blue, he laments with a mournful refrain? Why the colorless shroud of the dew like a pall hides the desolate plain? Why the sunshine of spring is the same as the winter's sun's cold, lifeless flame? Tell me why, on the land and the wave, all appears like the gloom of the grave? Tell me too, by what illness unknown every day I am pining forlorn? Tell me why, o my angel, my own, hast thou left, a prey to thy scorn.

Kaby znala ya (Had I but known)

If I'd only known I would not have looked out the window at that fine, bold fellow as he rode along our street, wearing his fur hat cocked, as his spirited horse, the one with ringing hooves, long mane, reared before our windows! If I'd only known I would not have dressed up for him a gold-bordered gown, I would not have plaited the crimson ribbon in my long braid. I would not have risen before dawn; I would not have hurried to the outskirts of the village. I would not have wet my feet in the dew. I would not have looked down that country road to see if perhaps he passed there, holding his motley falcon on his wrist. If I'd only known! I would not have sat late in the evening, grieving, on the mound of earth by the well. Waiting for him, telling my fortune: won't he be coming, my darling, Ah a a a a. Ah, won't he be coming, my darling, to make his horse drink of the icy water! If I'd only known! Ah a a a a a.

Sred' shumnavo bala (At the ball)

Midst the whirl of the ball and the trappings of worldly vanity I happened to catch sight of you. I loved your slender form and your air of pensive reflection, and I can still hear in my heart echoes of your sad, melodious laughter. I don't know whether I love you, but it seems to me that I do.

Serenade

O, my child, I will sing you a serenade beneath your window, I'll lull you to sleep with my singing, and you will find contentment in your dreams. May these sweet sounds smoothe and caress you as you sleep in the silence of the night . . .

INTERMISSION

NIKOLAI RIMSKI-KORSAKOV

(1844-1908)

Redeyet oblakov letuchaya gryada (The flying bank of clouds is thinning)

The flying bank of clouds is thinning. The melancholy evening star appears! Your light has silvered the withered plain, the dreaming cove, the black peaks of the cliffs. I love your feeble light shining above in the cerulean heights. It has awakened thoughts that slumbered in me. I remember your rising — familiar celestial light — Over a peaceful land where all was dear to the heart, where rows of poplars stood in the valleys, where dreamt the gentle myrtle, the somber cypress rose, and sweetly at noon-day came the sound of waves. There, once, filled with tender thoughts I dragged along the shore my pensive idleness. When evening shadows fell upon my hut a maiden in the darkness looked for you and called you by her name to her companions.

Ne veter veyat s vysoty ('Tis not the wind blowing from above)

'Tis not the wind, blowing from above that touched the leaves in the moonlight; 'tis you who touched my soul. It is disturbed, like the leaves; it is many-stringed like the gusli. The whirlwind of life, whistling and howling, tore the strings asunder and covered it with snow. But your speech caresses the ear; your touch is gentle like pollen in flight, like the breath of a night in May.

Kolybel 'naya Volkhovy, from "Sadko"
(Princess Volkhova's Lullaby)

The opera "Sadko" is set in semi-mythical, semi-historical times and deals with the adventures of Sadko, the singer and gusli player, who leaves his wife for the Princess of the Sea, Volkhova. In the third tableau of Act III, Sadko lies asleep on the banks of Lake Ilmen, watched over by Volkhova who sings him this lullaby. It is her farewell for she knows that she is to vanish, transformed into the river Volkhova.

IGOR STRAVINSKY
(1882-1971)

Spring in the Cloister

Chimes of gladness, chimes of sadness, peals and echoes, dreamy drone. On the sloping mountains yonder grass is growing, trees are grown. All the walls are freshly white-washed, thus has ordered Mother Abbess, by the cloister door alone hark the ringer's daughter moans. 'Oh ye meadows, oh my freedom, oh the paths, the fields I left, oh the bridge, the clear green valley, candle gleam of passion day. Alas mine did burn so brightly, why did thine not burn alike. Oh how ardent was his wooing and how ardent my poor heart. He has left me lonely grieving by the bridge, I stand alone. Oh the candle flamed and flickered and he kissed my burning lips. Have I lost you well beloved? Have I lost my heart's delight? Oh the mists of spring, the breezes, oh the peace of days gone by.' Chimes of gladness, chimes of sadness, peals and echoes dreamy drone, on the sloping mountains yonder grass is growing, trees are grown. All the walls are freshly white-washed, thus has ordered Mother Abbess. By the gloomy cloister door one must silent keep.

Selezen (The Drake)

O dark, crested drake! See where your duck is and your seven ducklings. Get yourself home, little duck, go home, little one. You have seven ducklings, the eighth a drake! Drake, catch up with her, drive her home so she won't go walking in other barnyards, with other drakes!

Russian Maiden's Song, from "Mavra"

Sunshine dearest, casting ruddy golden beam, blue-winged falcon, eagle clearest of vision, pain. Sing no more, dear canary in the shade! Sing not your song, canary in the shade! Songs as sweet as yours grieve the heart-broken maid. Ah! I feel my pulses throbbing fast

and faster, ardent thoughts and fantasies my spirit master, lost in love's entrancing maze. Seven days have passed so dreary over and over. Now the seventh finds a weary maiden listening to canary where he sings and twitters gaily. Darkest mood repeats canary his sweet refrain, Maiden listens with throbbing heart.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

(1873-1943)

Ne poi, krasavitza (O do not sing, beautiful maiden)

O do not sing, beautiful maiden, the sad songs of Georgia. They remind me of another life and of a distant shore. Alas, your cruel melodies bring to my memory the steppe, and night and by moonlight the features of the poor girl, that dear, fatal ghost. I forget, seeing you, but then you sing — and before me my imagination brings her back again. O do not sing, beautiful maiden, the sad songs of Georgia. They remind me of another life and of a distant shore.*

Belenitzy, Rumyanitzy (Powder and Paint)

O powder and paint, slip off my white face, my jealous husband is driving home! He wants to beat me, his young wife! What for? All I did was chat with the neighbor. I sat across from that bachelor. I offered him a cup of mead. He took the mead and pressed my white hands to the cup. 'My little lady, my little swan, I like your way of walking,' said he. O powder and paint, slip off my white face. My jealous husband is driving home. He wants to beat me, his young wife! It's true, he wants to beat me, and I don't know what for!

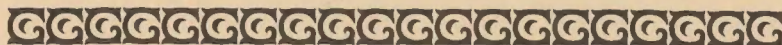
Vesenniye vody (Spring Waters)

The fields are still covered with snow, but already the brooks are filled with the murmur of spring. They flow, and the sleepy shores awake; they run and ripple and cry out; they cry out everywhere: 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming! We are harbingers sent forth by the young spring! Spring is coming! Spring is coming!' And for a gay escort, in a rosy, light ring of dancing, come the calm balmy days of May.*

*Translation by Philip L. Miller
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